MOSTLY ON POLITICS AND POLITICIANS.

[FROM THE RECULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE PRIBUNE.]

Since Mr. Parnell spoke at Dublin public addresses have been delivered by three of the small number of English politicians who are supposed to be, or to have been in time past, coquetting with the Irish leader for political purposes. The three are Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Chamberlain, and Lord Randolph Churchill. I don't know that I should have mentioned Sir Charles Dilke as one of the three were it not for Mr. Chamberlain's singularly emphatic assurance that be and nis friend were at one on every point of politics. Not one of the three has anything to say about Mr. Parnell's speech. To approve a would be an act of dangerous effrontery. To consure it might imperil the future relations of the censor with Mr. Parnell. And so they all three cheese the better part of valor.

Mr. Parnell, however, has given public notice to all concerned that he will have nothing to do in future with coerciousts or emigrationists. Now coercion and emigration are the points in the Ministerial policy which are not yet relinquished. One would like to hear whether Mr. Chamberlain is prepared to oppose or to abandon what the rest of the Cabinet this friend Sir Charles Dilke excepted) support and adhere to. One would like to know also whether he cares to offer, or can offer, any contradiction to the report that he has handed over the local patronage of Cork to Mr. Paraell. The story gues-nay, it has been expressly affirmed and not denied-that upon some office in the gift of the Board of Trade falling vacant, Mr. Chamberlain wrote to Mr. Parnell that the office was at his disposal.-Kilmainham Compact? Certainly not. There never was a Kilmainham Compact, as we all know on the very highest authority. But the odd thing is that one party to the supposed compact, which was supposed to include an arrangement for future political co-operation, should at times be found acting exactly as if such a bargain had

really been made. Crowning the O'Caliban" is Mr. Punch's title to his cartoon on the Dublin banquet. On a powder barrel labelled " Anarchy, Rebetlion, Murder," sits the Irish Caliban, a ferocious ruffian to look at, gun by his side, revolver in belt, " League " on his hat-band, holding out a bag inscribed £10,000 to Mr. Parnell, who in turn is crowning this savage with a wreath of roses. Beneath is a quotation of what may perhaps with some hesitation be called the most impudent passage of Mr. Parnell's speech: "Never was there a movement with such odds against it, in association with which there was so much moderation and such an utler absence of crime and the strong passions which lead to crime." Mr. Punch's verses on the subject are not of his best, but as far as opinion goes they reflect, as this periodical so often does, the average sentiment of the Englishman:

Gold for good words! That bargain you may strike, And truly one good turn deserves another.
But think not chill effrontery will deceive.
True hearts or History. Casuist cold and sinister,
Spite of all word-adornments you may weave,
Your God's a Monster, you its worthy Minister.

Lord Randolph Churchill's style bears perhaps some marks of his association with Irish members. His two speeches this week at Edinburgh abound in what can only be called coarse abuse. Mr. Gladstone is called a criminal, his statements are described as fabrications, the object of his writings affirmed to be the malignant slauder of Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Trevelyan's leading characteristic, according to Lord Randolph, is gush. Lord Hartington is "idiotic." The motives of the Government are "the lowest that can be conceived." Ministers " care less than nothing for the rights or the interests of the classes concerning whom they are so specious and so loud"; what they want is to retain "those high and Inerative offices which they have disgraced." They are "ununsked impostors and as much more of the same sort of loose invective as you like to read.

" Why," said one reader of The Times to another, " does this paper print Lord Randolph Churchill's speeches verbatim?" "Probably," answered the other, "because Lord Randolph sends his manuscript to the editor, and the editor is Mr. Chena sense of the proportion of things,

six columns. The Mandard about two. Moreover, politicians. the general tenor of Lord Randolph's speech will lead most people to conclude that it is that parhate, "but he will be useless to hunself, to his party and to his country, if he continues to make such speeches as the one we have been consider-And again: " He is young enough to wait, he is not young enough to play these pranks with his

Lord George Hamilton has published a rejoinder to the comment of Mr. Chamberlain on his assertion that the member for Birmingham, who now advocates social reform, belonged to a firm of screw-unders who crushed out their competitors by a remorseless use of capital, and so obtained a pronopoly. "I do not know," says Lord George, "if the epithets of vulgar, insolent, and slanderous which Mr. Chamberlain has applied to me are intended to convey a denial of my statements; if they are, I have merely to say that those statements are true, and can, if necessary, be substan tiated beyond the possibility of doubt." And Lord George desires the following passage to be added to the quotation formerly given from his Tottenham

Supposing that he (Lord G. Hamilton), a humble Tory, contrived to get hold of a certain amount of capital and forced every owner of land within a certain neighborhood to sell to him at his own crowding in consequence of his action, and he then came forward lumeating the cyli, and osing that it should be remedied by taxation r raised on all property save his own, would not say be was a humbing? Would not the d Radical forces of Tatterland. nited Radical forces of Tottenham come to turn im out of that hall? But that was just what Mr. Chamberlain had done. Unquestionably, there was great distress in England, but causes was the unfair exercise of capital by hard

You perceive that this controversy is becoming somewhat animated. I still think that Lord George Hamilton's style is wanting in delicacy, but it must be admitted that he makes his point clearer, I do not, he in effect says, merely abuse Mr. Chan berlain. The man whom I attack is the man who attacks land-owners: who makes himself the advocate of the poor and proposes to confiscate part of the property of one class of rich men. But Mr. Chamberlain is himself a shining example of another class of rich men who have grown rich by coercing or ruining their poorer rivals in business. When he presents himself as a social reformer and to the other men to ask him whether his own hands clean. Lord George tells Mr. Chamberlain that his hands are not clean, and he offers to prove it. The case is in some points not unlike that of Mr. William Morris. Mr. Morris withdrew from would not admit. In Mr. Morris's case the question was why he did not distribute to his workmen the profits which he publicly declared belonged to owners in general, and of Lord Salisbury in particular. But when the origin and increase of his own Chamberlain cries out that this is vulgar and in- is understood that a large contingent of American

solent. He is now told that, at any rate, the statements were true, and it remains to be seen whether he will come forward and say they are false.

I do not know why, if a doubtful or disagreeable innovation be attempted in any branch of British activity, it should forthwith be decried as one more step toward the Americanization of the institutions of this country. Here, for example, is a circular sent out by The Pall Mall Gazette; a paper which, for the moment, is rushing at novelties of many kinds. The circular is a string of questions to members of Parliament. Each member gets a circular, and each member is invited, rather peremptorily, to say whether he is in favor of reform of the franchise taking precedence of other measures next session, and what sort of franchise he favors, and whether he favors London Reform also, and whether before or after Franchise; with many other equally direct and pressing interrogatories The answers are to be published. But, says the circular, should you make no reply, "we shall assome that you are disposed to concur in whatever course the Government may see fit to pursue." hostile critic paraphrases this: "Give us your opinion, or if not, we'll fix you with an opinion of our own"; which does seem to be pretty nearly

the effect, if not the intent, of the threat. But why should this be called an American inno cation, and what have Mr. Yates-Thompson and Mr. Stead done that they should be ticketed to the public as Anglo-American editors? Do we put members of Congress on the witness-stand in this fa hion? Do we ask every protectionist to say whether he approves of Mr. Carlisle's views (if he knows what they are) under penalty of being set down as a free trader if he will not answer? We shall see presently to what extent members of the English House of Commons are disposed to submit to the inquisition which Mr. Thompson and Mr. G. W. S. Stead are attempting to set up.

MR. TENNYSON'S PEERAGE-LITERARY AND THEATRICAL INCIDENTS

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.] Mr. Tennyson's peerage, we hear from New-York by the ever communicative cable, is thought to testify in behalf of his countrymen the honor in which they hold the poet. Upon which a bold Briton professes his inability to understand how Mr. Tennyson's peerage could testify anything of the sort, seeing that none were more surprised than his countrymen to hear that he had got it. Surprised they certainly were, and pleased they certainly are not. Nearly every important organ of public opinion either took ground in advance against the proposal to make Mr. Tennyson a peer, or has expressed its regret since, or, perhaps, has allowed silence to signify its dissatisfaction. The important exception is The Saiurday Review, which published on this subject one of the most tremendous articles ever printed in this or any other country. The opposition to the Poet Laureate's ennoblement is derided as clumsy and shallow snobbery, and we are told that " as a matter of fact, no man living, or who ever lived-not Cresar or Per icles, not Shakespeare or Michael Angelo-could confer more honor than he took on entering that House!

To this asteunding outburst Mr. Swinburne nakes answer in three stantus beginning:

O Lords our Gods, beneficent, sublime, In the evening and before the morning flames. We praise, we bless, we magnify your names. The most august, the most peculiar, the most beneficial, the most uneffaceable of the elements of the English Constitution is the House of Lords, eries the journal which Mr. W. H. Pollock edits and Mr. Beresford Hope inspires. And whoever does not think so is a snob, or as Mr. Swinburne puts it

The serf, the cur, the sycophant is he Who feels no criming motion twitch his knee, When from a height too high for Shakespeare n The wearer of a higher than Milton's crown.

It is not, I suppose, because the English people ave ceased to respect the House of Lords that they dislike to see Mr. Tennyson become Lord Tennyson There is plenty of respect in this country for Lords, and it is but the political authority of their assembly which is called in question in these radical days. They do not think Tennyson too good for the Lords They simply think him out of place there. They would gradge him no apt and suitable Now Mr. Chenery as an editor is deficient in | dignity that the Queen or any other source of honor could bestow on him. They do not think Lord Randolph, if he is important to anybody, that it adds distinction to literature that a popular and he certainly has au importance, is so to the and admirable poet should receive the same sort of Conservative party. But the organ of Conservatism | recognition which of late years has been reserved thinks it sufficient to publish a condensed report of | for the possessor of linmense wealth, for successing his Eduabarch performances. The Times gives him lawyers, for successful soldiers and for unsuccessful

in terms of great force and engency. He is re- ford Hope have found an ally in the per on of Mr. baked, and most deservedly rebuked, for "assarl- Martin F. Tupper. That eminent and proverbial ing, in language of the most virulent type, not merely the policy but the personal motives and conduct of a statesman of Mr. Gladstone's years and experience." His scheme for recalling Arabi in it from beginning to end. I suppose we must and experience. His scheme for recaining Arabi
to Egypt is described as mere childisliness; "and until assured to the contrary, assume the author of
the reneral tenor of Lord Randolph's speech will "Proverbial Philosophy" to be the author of this strange epistle. It is perhaps enough to say of it ticular form of childishness which vents itself in that he halls the "recent and most worthy elevapetulance and spleen." He is opposing the known | tion of our greatest Poet Laureate" as making an policy of the Conservative party. That party era in the history of England. You will hear with would be glad to avail itself of his abilities in deher diplomatic Ministers mostly from the class of her own poets and historians." And the conclusion is this; that "if any foolish rule has hitherto existed that any writer, however excellent, must-as possibly Bohemian-be excluded from National reognition, through the fountain of honor in the way of titular distinction, we may well rejoice that, as our noble Tennyson has now broken through the pale, there is hope for some of his literary brethren and sisters being thought worthy of public honors from our great and good Queen." Why, certainly, How would Lord Tupper do?

Mr. Henry James's article on Matthew Arnold in the January number of Macmillan's . nglish Iliustrated Magazine is a cordial, but also, in the good sense, a critical panegyric. To an American, says Mr. James, as to any stranger, Mr. Arnold " speaks more directly than any other contemporary English writer, says more of those things which make him the visitor's intellectual companion, becomes in a singular way nearer and dearer." He has, moreover, a detachment of mind, a capacity of looking at and criticising things English from a non-English point of view, remaining all the while full of English piety and English good-humor. He touches S. inte-Benve on one side and Renau on the other. With all his lightness of form, he has added to the interest of life, to the charm of knowledge It is Mr. Arnold whom we think of when we figure to ourselves the best knowledge of what is being done in the world, the best appreciation of literature and life.

These sentences I cull almost at random from Mr. James's paper, with the whole of which you will soon be familiar in America. His object is avowedly to express the high appreciation of those who have in any degree attempted to care for literature, and the debt of gratitude they owe to Arnold " for his admirable example, for having placed the standard of successful expression, of literary feeling and good manners so high,"-a sentence which is itself not unlike Mr. Arnold's most effective style. And like Lord Coleradge Mr. Henry James finds Mr. Matthew Arnold" more than any one else the happily proportioned, the truly distinguished man of letters," among the English men of letters now extant.

"New Notes on the Ancestry of George Washington," is the first title of the seventh volume of "The Genealogist," a book which consists of the four coladvocates referans at other men's expense, it is open | lected numbers of the quarterly magazine of that name. This paper is but one of several, published or to be published, which denote the intent of the editor to make a specialty of American family history. We Americans are supposed to take a keen interest in such matters, and there is no reason why the discussion ruther than seek to justify the fals- | we should not; those of us, at least, who trace, or ity of a position which, on the other hand, he wish to trace, our descent from an English stock. The Genealogist" is now in its eighth year, and may be described as a quarterly magazine of Genealogical, Antiquarian, Topographical and Heraldic them. Mr. Chamberlain began by inquiring into Research. The editor is Mr. Walford D. Selby, of the origin and increase of the fortunes of land- | the Public Record Office; the publishers Messrs. Bell & Son. Its contributors include some of the best known specialists in the Kingdom, more than fortune are made the subject of examination, Mr. one of them in the Heralds' College. And since it

girls now yearly marry into the British Peerage the American mamma, and perhaps her husband, will be interested to know that with each future number of " The Genealogist " will be given thirtytwo pages to be devoted to A New Peerage, intended to embrace for the first time in a single series a complete History of the Peerage of the three King-

Mr. W. S. Gilbert " allows " to be published sundry views of his tenching the performance of Salatea by Miss Anderson, and the observations of Mr. Alum-Tadema on the play and the dressing of the part. "I have never concealed," writes Mr. Gilbert in his lefty manner, "my high opmion of Mrs Kendal's performance of Galates, which was of course founded upon my own ricus communicated to her at the reheared." Miss Anderson, on the other hand (poor thing) had originally to form her idea of the character without any assistance from Mr. Gilbert and so it differs widely from Mrs. Kendal's. It will, perhaps, strike you as a novelty that a drainatic author should not consider it possible to derive an accurate conception of the leading character of his own play from the play itself. If a critic had said as much, or find intimated that the true view of Galatia was only to be had by personal intercourse with Mr. Gilbert at rehearsal, Mr. Gilbert would probably have communicated to that unhappy critic other views about the true function of criticism of a kind not flattering to him. Mr. Gilhert might, however, be asked to explain how the modern actor is to give an accurate conception of any character in any play where the author is dead and therefore presumably unable to appear at re-

Mrs. Kendal's Galatea, it appears, is in Mr. Gilbert's opinion dramatically effective; Miss Anderson's is not dramatically justifiable. "But," proceeds Mr. Gilbert, growing loftier still, "while I admit that the difference between the two Galuteas is considerable, I wish it to be distinctly understood that it was with my full concurrence that stood that it was with my full concurrence that Miss Anderson gave her version of the character." Mrs. Kendal and Miss Anderson may or may not like being patronized by Mr. Gilbert to this extent. As to Mr. Alma-Tadema, we are now permitted to know why it is that he considers Mr. Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galaica." a chunsy and silly play. It is because he wanted Miss Anderson to drape her head "in what to the irreverent eye of the unlearned presented the appearance of a small piece of white ring." Mr. Gilbert profested against the white ring, and, because he profested, Mr. Alma-Tadema discovered that the play had no archieological pretensions. Really, Mr. Gilbert, you are impayable.

It is almost a surprise to hear that Mr. Edward.

It is almost a surprise to hear that Mr. Edward Levy Lawson—known to the world as one of the proprietors of The Duly Telegraph and for a time as prosecutor of Mr. Laiouchere (this latter function he has ceased to discharge)—has a son who has attained his majority. But so it is, and the coming of age of this young gentleman is celebrated after a fashion which will perhaps go far to persuade Mr. Lawson junior that he belongs to a patrician order. There is, it appears, a published programme of these festivities. This document informs the world that various local and municipal bodies are to present young Mr. Lawson with addresses. There will then be a banquet, at which 500 persons will sit down, or stand, as the case may be. There will be a display of fireworks, All this on Tuesday. On Wednesday the tradesmen join in. They will be "entertained"; there will be a ball in the evening. On Thursday the tradesmen disappear from the scene, and the children come to the front. On Friday a concert will be given with Sir Julius Benedict to direct. On Saturday—but perhaps this is enough to show you what a good thing it in England to be the eldest son of a newspaper proprietor with a place in the country and an ambition for social distinction. It is almost a surprise to hear that Mr. Edward distinction.

FRAU MATERNA'S LAWSUIT.

DETERMINED TO SING IN AMERICA FOR A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

VIENNA, December 13.

A novel law-nit is now pending in this city which greatly interests a famous opera singer, an impresario, and, mdirectly, the lovers of music in the United States. Herr Pollini, who manages the principal theatre in Hamburg, and who has acquired prises, several months ago conceived the idea of extending his ambitious projects to the United States. Accordingly, with the financial support of a number of men in New-York-theatrical agents, bankers, or whatever they may be-he persuaded six members of the Imperial Opera Company in this city to accept an engagement to sing in the United States from October 1, 1884, to March 31, 1885, at extravagant salaries. Five of these singers are men whose names may or may not be familiar ac oss the Atlantic, but the sixth is no less a personage than Fran Friedrich Ma erna, who was to receive \$100,000 besides travelling expenses and of Inversors living for herself and one at-

ago, on the understanding that the final con ract old be signed as soon as the engaged singers groved themselves able to carry out their part of it. w en the moresario's American partners were to de posit a large guarantee fund with a Vienna banker. The affair was to be kept strict y secret. but in some manner it became known to the general public, as well as the unungers of the Opera House, about two months ago, It is said cancelling the bargain and so caused it to be diulged. The conductors of the Opera House, much startled at the prospect of losing their greatest singers, declared that that they could not taink of granting any one such a long furlough, and that hey would have recourse to the legal means of redress in case their own contracts were broken. As the New-Yorkers foresaw, the singers could not, in consequence of this declaration, justify themselves in finally accepting Herr Polliai's proposals. The engaged singers signed a deed of revocation-at least, the five gentlemen did-where, upon Herr Polini absolved the agent whom the Americans had sent over to represent them. This gentleman departed, and the affair

seemed to be at an end.

But there is an appendix to the story. At the time the document of renunciation was signed, Madame Materon happened to be ill, and could not append her signature; and when she was asked for it later on, she refused, saying that she insisted on the fulfilment of the preliminary agreement. Herr Pollini thought the late. ed to be at an end.

it later on, she refused, saying that she insisted on the fulfilment of the preliminary agreement. Herr Pollini thought the hady was joking, but she told him she was never more in earnest.

"But you cannot sing, as you have no company to go with," "I am not fastidious; engage another company, or let me sing in ceneerts." But you cannot go to America, as you will not get a furioush," "That is my business, If I choose to break my contract with the Imperial Opera, it is no concern of yours as long as I am willing to fulful my engagement with you." "But if you go to the States you will lose your position here." Never mind, If once I have your \$100,000 in my pocket, I shall retire into private life."—"What, then, do you wish?" "To sing in America for the sum of \$100,000, besides travelling expenses and the cost of living on a large scale for six menths, for myself and one companion."

Herr Pollini, having absolved his American partners, is now solely responsible for the possible con-sequences of his great project. He offered damages and other equivalents for the energetic lady's ex-pectations; but she insists on her bond. Pollini sequences of invalents for the energy and other equivalents for the energy and other equivalents for the energy and a pectations; but she insists on her bond. Pollini pectations; but she insists on her bond. Materna's dedicated to comply with Madame Materna's declined to comply with Madame Materna's declined to the public are meanting, the him, to the settlement of which the public are eagerly looking forward. In the meantime, the legal advisers of the two litigants are exchanging letters, with a view of carrying their points in a

EL MAHDI AND THE PRICE OF CANDY.

The world is a little place after all. That the False Prophet should regulate the price of candy in Boston would undoubtedly seem as improbable as that the Khan of Tartary should bull the stock market, or the Emperor of China determine the price of shoes at Lynn. Yet such is the fact. This price of shoes at Lynn. Yet such is the fact. This price of shoes at Lynn. Yet such is the fact. This price of shoes at Lyan. Yet such is the fact. This curious circumstance happens thus: At the basis of much confectionery, notably gum drops and marsh mallow, is goin arabic, ow the market for gum arabic is Khartoum, for the world's gum arabic comes from the Soudan. Taken on barges to Cairo at the full freshets in bales of 500 pounds, it is shipped to London, Paris, Marseilles and New-York, to the aggregate of 18,000 bales. El Mahdi has raised the involce price from eight to twenty cents to the aggregate of 18,000 bales. El Mahdi has raised the invoice price from eight to twenty cents per pound, and the price is rising. There is no crop this year. There threatens to be none next. Egypt certainly cannot well send for what little has been stored. There is, therefore, every reason to suppose that gum will reach fifty cents shor ly, and fortunes will doubtless be made by the wary. The possible gain consists in the fact that small purchasers of candy, of limited means, may be discourers of candy, of limited means, may be discouraged by the large advance in price. If the False Prophet can thus lessen indigestion among on chernbs at this joyous season, a providential leason for his turbulent and bloody career is discovered.

BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND.

THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-WAY LOUNGER.

John Keily, our local statesman and favorite son
massier, has become a developer, too. He is building

our or five houses on St. Nicholas-ave, and nine or ten on the cross street, at Carmansville, just opposite the last Metropolitan Elevated Railroad station. Rumor in the neighborhood says the lots cost him \$1,500 apiece and the houses will cost possibly \$0,000 apiece.

Some of the business stationery stores of this city ety, containing inkstands of innumerable forms, yet corners which last a year, scrap books, paper weights. fountain pens, postal scales, or whatever business with its dimest womanly intuitions and commands sees a use for and immediately supplies.

If the Christian dispensation had not come in the form of a child where would Christmas find its activity since rown people are so driven between cares and holidays that in the course of years the one seems to run into the other; the Thanksgiving into the patriotic day and the New Year's into Whitsunisde | Children never forget the hildren's holiday, and as the world grows more material the teys of Christmas multiply the more; as the celestia ativity of the Child King fades away the civilization of childhood the more permeates the globe. New Year's eems to be fading out, because it has no child associations. Caristmas grows, like the evergreens, stronger for

Joseph D. Murnby, who died last week, age sixty-two sang the earliest songs of Stephen Foster on the minstrel stage in the presence of the composer. Foster has had a niece playing at the Grand Opera House here. Murphy was Mrs. John Drew's treasurer and partner for years. In those days I often saw the present actor, Drew, of Duly's Theatre, going out, a buby with his mother. A little earlier John Wilkes Booth was in the Arch Street Theatre stock company under the care of his brother-inlaw, John S. Clarke. In those days actors were better considered than now, being stable members in some cer tain community, instead of birds of passage.

The Holsey element on the stage is not inconsiderable. The Booths, Wallacks and Eytinges possess some of it. Mr. Curtis, who plays" Sam'l of Posen," and is said to have realized \$100,000 from it, is also a Hebrew, and his wife, who has been playing Camille, is of French extraction and speaks with an accent. They are next to transfer Sam'l of Posen" to the read and show him as drummer with scenes at Hornellsville, in the Pacific Hotel of Chicago, and at the Clifton House, Niagari

I see a good deal in the newspapers against " Tom ' Ochitree. He is one of the last distinctive, original, universal characters in the country. I have known him interesting one from an overflow of spirits and brisi andacity and mixture of reminiscence and fancy. ne of the few lively men we have left should be stung and pummelled I cannot see.

I have been talking to a family physician, himself formerly a specialist, about the condition of the medical practice in New-York. Said he: "It has been a great deal injured by concessions about medical effquette, that involve a sacrifice of principle and seem to show that he money of the patient is the chief object of practice. Systems of medicine different in root and branch cannot be brought together except on the ground that one or ooth are humbugs. Again, the tendency in New-York is for everybody to set up as a specialist. One man takes hold of skin diseases, another of nose diseases, a third of the ears, a fourth of the spine, and they call themselves specialists in many cases when they are nothing of the kind and are not as well posted as an ordinary country family doctor who attends to everything. The object of the specialty distinction is to charge excessive figure unwary putients. You understand it," continued the doctor, " when you know that if anything happens to you out of the common your friends are immediately telling you to go to this or that specialist. If you have a little twinge of the gout, yonder is somebody who makes it a grave matter that he attends only to rheumatism and gouts. In short," said the doctor, " there are too many men in the profession and too many of those are looking reputation and fortune in various dramatic enter- for something to raise the wind. Indeed, I regard this specialty dedge as sometimes hardly up to the level of patent medicine digmty."

> One of the matters commented on among theatre-goer is the conversance of people on the stage with gambling n all its forms. At one exhibition in this city a person s clothed in red from head to foot, and the chief character notines the audience that he is " a stack of reds," meaning the red chips on the gambling tables. times this close intimacy with gambling extends to the female performers, who drop sayings unrecognized out-

Mr. Predcrick A. Ober, of Beverly, Mass., who has which Mr. Ober discovered, forwarding a specimen to Washington, has been named for him, Myarchus Oberi. This bird, half an hour before sunset, utters a peculiar atives call it a jumble-bird or devil possessed. A trip to the Little Antilles makes a pleasant winter voyage

Another remarkable discovery, or rather confirmation of Mr. Ober was that among the remnant of the uncient Caribs of calmibals, who live in the islands of Dominica and St. Vincent, are two dislects spoken by the men and the women respectively. It is said that the original Caribs killed their male prisoners and carried their widows into captivity. The language of the female sex was formed by degrees, as the conquerors contracted marriages with these women; it was composed of new cements, words distinct from the Carib words, which were transmitted from generation to generation, but a which the structure, the combinations, the grammatica forms of the language of the men exercised an influence in other words the captured women preserved their own language and taught it to their children, and having seer practised until the present time this language remains different in a great many respects from that of the men The boys after they attain the age of five or six, though they well understand the speech of their mothers and sisters, follow their fathers and elder brothers in the formation of their language. By means of this masen line language it is said the Caribs were always able to and they were therefore never disclosed, and hence their nvasions of an enemy's territory were always unexpected.

Here is a sketch I made from life of a Pennsylvania armer settled in Maryland not ten miles from Washing-on city, and part of it is still true: "They must take nstead. A Northern man comes down, and he drives a few rods and has to get out of his buggy to epen a gate. He muddles his boots and d-ns the country. I tell 'em that their land will increase in value by fencing; they say they ain't fixed for it. Here is wood all around You see they have the whole farm in one field. They don't make no manure. Their feed is cornstalks and they let it lay out in the ficids all winter and haul it in by the day. Instead of having barns they let the manure bleach out in their brush cow-pens. I don't wonder the soil is run down when they have put nothing on it for a hundred years." " How many strangers ar down here!" "There are four of us," "I'll sketch you store if I have time when I come back." " Very well, sir. I'll stand up on the purch, a living statute for you. "Are the natives here quarreisome !" "No, not partick-ler so. But they have such a limited idee of business in every respect. Now, there, see that house on a hill Maybe it's got no well. For a hundred years they've been going down to a spring at the bottom there to earry water. They could have bought a farm with the cost of that labor. I tell 'em that, and they smile, helpless-like. They got plenty of firewood all around 'em. But, sir, you'll never see any more around the door than will do for that one day,"

Speaking to a member of the house of De Rivera, riginally Spanish, who trade largely from New-York to Mexico, he said to me at New Year's: " Mexico is the omntry of the future for Americans to do commerce with. Their orders on this market are very curious and arious, and indicate that inquisitiveness and yearning

for outside luxuries and comforts have come to the Mexican people. The sewing-machine firms have established agencies in every State in Mexico, and the sewing machines are sent out there and sold at 20 per cent less than they cost here. There is hardly a site in Mexico now to which a sewing machine of some of our manufacturers can be shipped, the manufacturers here declining to interfere with their agents." The same gentleman told me that a number of persons live in New-York who have become rich by mercantile and mining operations in Mexico. He said it was a shame that, situated as ele as we were to Mexico, we maintained but a single line of steamers to Vera Cruz, although that trade had curiched every member of the Alexandre family.

Being in a barber's chair and at a disadvantage year lay, I said: "How are so many German barbers in New-York, when, as far as I could see, there were no fin barbers' shops in Germany I" "You are right about the fact," said my shaver. "I think I never saw a good barber's chair till I came to America. Some few are ing introduced on the other side now, because of the eturn business from here. Germans become barbers in which does not expose them in this rough climate. But most of the barbers you see are not native-born Gerin the German society that they still speak with the accent. These having been brought up to work from childhood chose a business where the hours were not too long, the compensation fair, and the work not too hard." This barber was in an English hotel where the Queen's picture stands conspicuous, and he said: "The English who come here are very much pleased with the shave they get, and the shampoo and fixings, but they sometimes kick at the price. Tenpence seems to them a moustrons sum to pay for a shave, and perhaps 80 cents to \$1 for a shave, a shampoo and the hair trimmed. They pay in a barber's shop in London not above twopence to threepence for a shave, and owing to the full supply of male

Not long afterward I was at the Astor House having my head swathed, and I saw a curious instrument before the barber, which looked to me like something between a watchman's rattle and a curry-comb. Said I, in the spirit of the Frenchman standing before an English wash-basin: "What machine is that ?" "That is to cut all the hair off the head; it is a kind of lawn-mower. You just pass it around the head and all the hair con off, in no time. It is a comb with scissors working through it." "Do you dye any more now !" "Not much. When I began this business twenty years ago I had to dye at least three men every day, and I give you my word that I haven't dyed a man now for two years." It cost about \$2 to dye one full, did it not !" he was lucky," said the barber, " if he got off with \$7. I was in a barber's shop where old Tammany Hall stood, opposite the City Hall Park, where we dyed hundreds of the bounty-jumpers. A fellow would go over there with red hair and beard, enlist and get his \$2,000 to \$3,000 bounty, and come right over to our shop and have himself dyed black, bair and beard and eyebrows, too; we would charge him \$25 for it because we knew that he couldn't kick. Thus dyed, he would go right back to the endezvous and again enlist under another name, draw his bounty, and come over, and this time we would cut all s thair and beard off and make number three of him, and I have known them to go back after that and a nlist the third time. O, they were good days for barbers," ex-claimed my friend, " but bad for taxpayers."

When you get to the bottom of the anti-Pendleton feeling in Onio it has been too much respecting of persons and trying to grade the old snaggle tooth Democracy up to the dude line.

Lord Mandeville, so well known by name and face in New-York, is the Viscount Mandeville, by name George Victor Drogo Montagu, age thirty last June. He will who is sixty years old, married the daughter of Comte the Norman hamlet of Montagu, and his name was Drogo. His posterity was of little importance for five centuries, till a lawyer arose in the time of Henry VIII. whose grandson, for Parliamentary oratory, was made Baron Montagu of Kimbolton and Viscount Mandeville, and by Charles L. Earl of Manchester. The son of this first Earl of Manchester was Oliver Cromwell's commander in the civil wars, and was Cromwell's relative. Nevertheless Cromwell denounced him in Parliament as unfit to lead, saying: "He bath been always indisposed by the sword, and always for such a peace as a thorough victory would be a disadvantage to. . . . As if he thought the King too low and the Parliament too high.

Sometimes by persuading and deluding the Council to neglect one opportunity with pretence of another that it was not fit to fight at all." After this interesting sketch of George B. Mc Tellan, the Earl retorted mildly saying that the aforesaid Cromwell hath said "there would never be a good time 'n England till we had do with Lords," and that " he hath said if he met the King in battle he would fire his pistol at the King as at another"

At Marsten Moor Stonewall-Jackson-Prince Rupert written perhaps the only book on the Lesser Antilles, re- | struck the Earl of Manchester's army, rolled it inward grived his commission and expenses from the Smith- and silvard, and split one flank off, till Master Cromwell directions which literature and the press can make no in-terestions which literature and the press can make no in-vestment for. Mr. Ober says that until the new world Huntingdon and Grantham and Boston clean up that envestment for. Mr. Ober says that until the new world was incorrected the humaning-bird was not known to Europes: though reaming from the Arche Civele to the Antarctic, it never extends its interactions beyond the limits of the western continents. "Of all the creations of bird life," he says, "this is the most beautiful the most minute, the gem of the feathered world." In the United States there is but one species that is a regular through the victorious Royal flank as If it was afterward made Manchester one of his Lords, since their fig. the subsequent Earls of sandwich, were his neighbourse. The Manchesters and the Sandwiches brought Charles If. back to England. The fourth Earl was made by Ger line of Staurts out. In these families of Montagor Lady Mary Wortley, the writer of charming letters the parent of inoculation in Europe; and Hairfax, t poet and founder of the Hank of England, who is so can ully drawn by Macaulay. Lord Mandeville is a boyts! looking person with some sears, upon his face and affal to everybedy. He married an elegant lady here.

> Lord Bary, who is in this city with Mr. McHenry, is probably Viscount Bury, whose wife was the daughter of Sir Alian McNab, the Canadian who ent out the Caroline and sent her over Niamora Falls. These Burys were William of Orange in 1688, and the head of the house. mother Bury family of title, originating about Cork, fre land, and now Irish Earls of Cintleville.

BOSTON AS THE LITERARY HUB.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH'S VIEWS-NEW-YORK FOR A YOUNG MAN.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, of Boston, Editor of the At antic Monthly, has been at the Fifth Avenue Hot ; for a short rest. A TRIBUNE reporter found him on Wedne day evening just as he was getting ready for a dinner party, which operation was suspended while he reguled to an inquiry as to the decadance of Boston as the literary

centre of the United States. Said he: " As long as Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have the publica ion of the works of such authors of the older generation as Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier and Hawthorne. James, Boston will continue to be the literary centre."

The reperier suggested that Mr Aldrich add his own ame to those of Howells and James, to which he replied Yes, I should have done so without suggestion if I he not been Aldrien, for our work has been accomplished, I might say, together."

How about Boston relatively to New-York!" " If I had to live by literary work-that is, by contri butions to various publications—and was a young man, I should come to New-York. If I was a literary man of es tablished tastes, habits and work, engaged in writing some long-thought-of book, or some important history, should prefer Boston. There are fewer distinctions there. Society is mure literary and bookish. The Har vard influence is no small item. Harvard produces clusters of purely scholarly men. About our literature in general, as well as at Boston, I may say that the older authors have died. The new men have not yet stoppedhave not crystallized. They are not yet to be mea-Every age speaks of the degraded stage and what it is going to do to remedy its evils. Every age similarly ages an outery that there is no literary genius. Forty years ago there was this cry. Poe set it up. Yet they and then Longfeliow and Lowell and Holmes and Bryant and others-the men who are now distinguished by what they did and were then There may be half a dez Longfeilows waiting around Cambridge now for recog ton forty years hence. This is the a e of story-telle The man who tells the best story draws the largest no

The him who tens and bear stery draws are agest and ber of readers."

"Do you mean that the widest read is the best!"

"Do you mean that the widest read is the best!"

"The highest order of hovel, or of writing, does not necessarily bring the greatest circle of attention. Yet we have been won to say of shakespeare that he appeals to very class. I should not have forgotten, in speaking of the older authors, Charles Ehot Norton, a finished literateur, or Francis Parkman, whose histories are entitled to rank with those of Prescott and Motley. I have seen speaking throughout as an editor ranher than an author, since I took the editorant of The Allenda Mothly, I have Since I took the cittorship of the Atlantic Monthly, I have regarded myself wholly as an editor, rather than as an author. In editing that magazine I find no lack of most excellent matter, written by unknown or little known persons. This is true both of prose and poetry. I don't believe the crop of poets will ever full."

BERNHARDT AND COLOMBIER,

THE SUPPOSED TRAGEDY A FARCE.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE E TRIBUNE ] Paris, December 21. The Bernhardt-Colombier affairs has had a Pick-

wickian ending, and for the parties to it everything is really for the best in the best of worlds. Fresh editions of "Sarah Barnum" are so eagerly awaited that the book pending their issue costs afteen france instead of three francs fifty centimes. Orders pour in by telegraph from publishers all over Europe, Marie Colombier declares that she never meant to libel her ci-decant friend, and Sarah confesses that now, having looked into the work, she is of opinion that the cap was not meant for her, and that she judged hastrly on what other people told her about it. There can be no doubt that "Sarah Barnum" is Sarah Bernhardt; and it is to be presumed that the scene in the gay actress's the United States because it is an easy in-door trade. house in the Rue de Thann was a gotten-up affair to float "Nana Sahib," as no drama of the kind was ever launched before, and to give a fillip to the sale of the unclean biography. Marie, with an air of goodhumored naïveté, has nearly admitted this. This morning as her hair-dresser was attending to her duties she could not keep quiet a moment, so tickled was she at the noise the invasion of her flat by Sarah and her breakfast party had made. She shook with laughter during the whole forty minutes that he was with her, and when another actress who dropped in asked whether much valuable bric-a-brac had been destroyed, she said: "No, my dear, my assailant showed nice discrimination in only breaking almost worthless things. She did not give me a cut across the face with the horsewhip. It seemed only as though she did; and when she was hunting for me like a mad thing all over the house I was concealed behind the curtain of a door leading from my drawing-room to my bed-room. Her fary was half-assumed, half-real. She had had a copious breakfast and drunk a lot of champagne, which acted upon her nerves so tha unagined she was in earnest when she was only playing a part."

"But surely you do not mean what you wrote to the rigaro this morning ! You deny having meant to bedaub her in writing he book."

"The denial is only to cave the dignity of the Société des Gens de Lettres, who were to elect me a member. Any one who reads must see at once of whom I was thinking. It is impossible to libel poor dear Sarah. There is no sensation described in Goncourt's last novel that she has not experienced. But it is an accepted thing that nobody must say in public what everyone knows of an actress."

Marie Colombier studied at the Conservatoire with Sarah Bernhardt, and obtained there in graduating the first prize in comedy and the second in tragedy, while her Sarah was first in tragedy and second in comedy. The author of the book was in America with Bernhardt and wrote a very funuy account when she returned to Europe of her im pressions of that country, and what befell the star of which she was a satellite, during the theatrical tour. She is really droil, though indecent in her style of writing, for which reason she is paid a large salary for contributing biweekly to the prurient Gil Blas. Her chief quality is "go." It carries off many defects of logic and grammar. In her book on Sarah's American Campaign she thus describes her own impressious on entering the port of Havre: "What happiness to see again the French sky, real gendarmes in their hree-cornered hats, French catés and restaurants, and real trees all green and leafy." One from this might fancy that there were only artificial trees in the United States, The articles are full of bulls of this sort, which-Frenchmen of boulevardier habits think vastly amusing.

Marie Colombier might serve as an allegorical figare to represent the fat kine which the lean kine devoured in Pharaoh's dream. She is a good-humored, brazen creature, absolutely devoid of any sense of decency. In boulevard parlance she is bonne fille, which means that she is a jelly boon companion, and, if she is easy to move to anger, does not harbor malice. She also piques herself on not winning men who are not wealthy. Her flat in the Rae de Thaun is beautifully arranged and furnished luxuriously. Sarah Bernnardt has no sense of humor and is not aware that she makes herself ridiculous with her affectations. Marie amuses herself and her fast friends (she has no others) by taking her off. Owing to the laughter she has thus caused Sarah and she have often quarrelled, but always to make up again.

The horsewhip incident opens a curious vista in the theatrical world here. It is a very con-temptible world, and the men belonging to it are more despicable than the women. None are so vile as those bonlevardier idlers; those second and third rate isurnalists who deal in scandal and haunt actresses' bondoirs. First-rate actors get on through speer ability, and are not, therefore, to be contounded with the herd of swme. Got and Regnier are essentially estimable. Coquelin the younger is most respectable in his private life. The eder brother prides himself on being a lady-killer; but he is charming in his domestic life and gives all his earnings to his wife to invest. She is a coarse, vulgar looking and very ugly middle-aged woman, entirely devoid of femoniae charm. Her temper is masterful, and her hu-band does not attempt to react against it at home. As he makes a great deal of money, she has hoarded already a splended fortune. But the best as well as the smaller fry of Paris actresses lead vicious lives. If they did not it would be impossible for them to float. An actress would be impossing to them who sets up to be virtuous is hated by her professional sisters, and, if fair and charming, by art crities, managers, drainable authors and actors. All that is asked of her by her relatives (when they happen to be respectable, is that she does not rush that is assent of her properties of the dose in appear to be respectable, as that she dose in appear to be respectable, as that she dose in the properties of the properties o who does not give the rein to his vices, she will do.
The pic ares which Edmond de Goncourt gives of
theatrical life are all true. The French stage was
not so uttenly vicious before Alexandre Dumas
fils produced upon it his "Dame and Canellas."
This brought into fashion the sacrifice of everything to the luxury of the actress.

HE KNEW HOW TO FIGHT.

While the wind from Harlem River was making an wolcan harp of the columns of the elevand rail-way yesterday morning, a Chinaman stood in the Oneroad, ciad in the airy profusion of his national costume. Time passed and so did the trains; and the dominative nose of the guileless Chinese became successively red him and purple in color. A trum from City Hall at last rolled into the station. A smile that was glowing in its brightness illuminated the face of the Chiannana. With hat nonchalance, in matters where time is involved, which characterizes the Orientals, he sauntered toward the gates of the train. But the signal for starting had rung, and the brakeman, a burly Irichman, slammed the gate on the Chinaman's feet.

An expression of pained surprise passed over the Chinaman's features. He made no sound, but with a pos sen, worthy a Fourth Ward beeler, he placed his right hand in its most compact shape, upon the nose of the brakman, with sufficient emphasis to make that worthy observe:

"Ye murtherin haythen! I'll kill ye-ye long clawed

The misery and disgrace of being struck by a Chin man without its being in his power return the blow with in-terest seemed to overwheim the Irishman. Although the train was moving rapidly away from the station, he opened the gate, jumped off the train and made a dash at opened the gate, jumped on the train and made a dash at his assailant. But the "haythen" had been trained in the right school, for he caught the trishman about the waist, turned him completely upside down and then bumped his head on the station floor whin a grin of ma-licions pleasure. There was a grean from the brakeman, a rush by the spectators upon the Chinaman, but he, with a wisdom beyond his country, boarded a train that was leaving the station and was boune away.

leaving the station and was borne away.

A TRIBUNE reporter suggested as the victorious Chinaman entered the car that he had evidently satisfied the Irishman's desire to fight. A placed and contented stalle stole over his face as he answered,

"Ess. belly much. Me gotee Hish wife. She show me how to fightee."

"Boss, hab you got any dem confound can-

forth pills?"
"Yes. Do you want them plain or coated?"
"Dunno, I want dem does dat a wintewashed."
"Be got 'em.—[Terre Siftings."

THE EXCEPTION THAT CONFIRMS THE EVILE.—SIY Peter (who is of a morabular turn of mind). "It is a singular fact in beman nature that the very vices we most object to in our acquaintances are precisely those we have our selve." Ponsomby de Tourkyas, "Not always, darr siy-Peter! For instance, I there is upe vice I loathe above all others, it is wortalliness!"—[Punch.]